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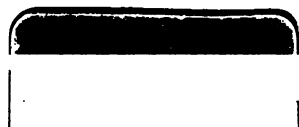
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Poems
BY
R. YOUNG.



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THE DECREE,

IN THREE CANTOS;

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY REUBEN YOUNG.

28s. a. 2.

LONDON:
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THE DECREE.

CANTO I.

I.

CHAOS had pass'd, and this young Earth
Appear'd in beauty at its birth ;
The seat of harmony and love,
Such as the angels share above ;
And every vital form became
A living temple, to proclaim
The last and greatest gift of Heaven—
A new created world was given.

II.

And on that world a spot appear'd,
By all-creative will prepar'd—
Where ev'ry form of life had birth,
And man appear'd at first on earth—
Where the first rays of morning play'd
With colour's never ending shade,
And dewy eve, with calm delight,
Led on the shadows of retiring light,
Till rose the glory of the starry night.

III.

The distant valleys, fair and bright,
Lay tranquilly in heaven's own light ;
The morning broke in Eastern skies,
Where the grey, misty mountains rise,
To greet the first young vernal Spring,
And smile on Nature's offering :
While o'er the vast expanse on high,
Spread the blue ether of the sky.

IV.

And now from ev'ry sylvan shade,
That Eden's flow'ry vale had made,
The new-born tenants of the earth,
In living multitudes came forth,
Gazing in wonder at the bright
Young Sun's first rays of morning light ;
And while the light winds played around,
The echoes sported with the sound.

V.

The throng in colours were array'd
Like Autumn, in its varied shade :
Some in plumage that could vie
With Summer evening's Orient sky ;
And some with grace of form came forth,
So light they scarcely touch'd the earth :
But all with peace and one accord,
Awaited the Almighty word
Of Nature's Parent, to decree,
Their final use and destiny.

VI.

The first in form appear'd the horse—
The type of speed, of strength, and force ;
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
For use adapted through all time ;
With flowing mane, and head erect,
To bear his rider on direct
O'er flood and field, and dire affray,
Still onward, onward, speeds his way.

VII.

To be obedient to the hand
That kindly feeds him, he will stand
Or start, when, at the well-known voice,
He proves his willingness and use,
Resumes his power, and presses on,
Obedient till his work is done.
Such is his part in Nature's plan,
And such his use and aid to man.

VIII.

But not the horse alone we prize ;
Though less in structure and in size
The dog, the universal friend
Of man, to serve him or defend ;
See how he guards, devoid of fear,
The charge committed to his care ;
In danger fitted to excel,
As the sad records of St. Bernard tell.

IX.

But one shall be again retold,
Where the poor dog, in ice and cold,
Had found an orphan in his way,
Still living, where the parent lay
A lifeless corpse ; he took the child,
And bore him through the rugged wild
Of icy glaciers, on his back,
Without a guide, without a track,
And brought him to St. Bernard's home,
Deliver'd from his icy tomb.

X.

The marvels of his instinct prove
A seal, a faithfulness, and love,
That give a near approach to sense,
Devoid of high intelligence.
Of varied colours, form, and size,
A wonder of varieties ;
His home the world, unchang'd by time,
The dog is found in ev'ry clime.

XI.

Behold yon rude, repulsive form
Of ugliness, without a charm ;
Patient he stands to learn the share,
That camels have in Nature's care.
To bear the burden and the heat
Of burning sands, their spongy feet
Well fit them for the dreary plains,
Where everlasting silence reigns.

XII.

No cheering voice, no feathery song,
To charm them as they move along ;
Their duty is to lead the band
Of Pilgrim's o'er the scorching sand ;
No caravan could live without
The camel through their dreary rout ;
His chest a fountain that supplies
That water which the land denies.

XIII.

His hard and rugged form contains
A mild and gentle heart, that gains
The rude affection of the Moor ;
His camel shares his scanty store.
Hous'd and attended as the friend
On whom his daily hopes depend ;
Unchang'd in aspect and in name,
The camel and the desert are the same.

XIV.

Beside the camel now appear'd
A stately mountain form, that rear'd
Its huge proboscis, Nature's gift,
Acute in feeling, or to lift
Whatever checks his onward course,
With unresisting power and force.
But not for strength and power alone,
The elephant to man is known.

XV.

Sagacity, so near the line
That makes intelligence the sign
Where ends the brute, and gives to man
That mental power in Nature's plan,
To reason, know, and then decide,
Is unto elephants denied.
But how majestic, grave, and mild
He walks, the monarch of the forest wild.

XVI.

When form'd in troops, their mighty tread
Bears down the forest for their bed ;
The spreading branches, like a flower,
They tear asunder to devour ;
Through the dense jungle force their way
To open praries, where they stay
And feast upon the rank supplies
Of Nature's wildest luxuries.

XVII.

Beyond this order of the vast
Organic Nature never pass'd ;
But pressing onward, more and more,
From Nature's never ending store,
In countless numbers, form, and size,
That earth, and air, and sea supplies ;
The multitude appear'd to claim
A living purpose and a name.

XVIII.

The eagle, monarch of the skies,
High o'er the distant mountain flies,
Exulting as he cleaves the air,
And misty valleys disappear,
That instinct in his first attempt,
Had found his native element ;
While all below, the feathery throng
Awoke the echoes with a song.

XIX.

Deep in the low embowered shade,
Descending rills a lake had made,
And there aquatic throngs were seen,
Disporting on the dewy green ;
Or floating on the glassy tide,
Their feather'd buoyancy their guide ;
Here first the graceful swan was seen
To tread the waters like a queen.

XX.

Here first the pelican supplied
Her store of water from the tide ;
O'er distant wilds and sandy wastes,
The precious gift with joy she tastes ;
Still flying onward, till the green
And smiling oasis is seen ;
There resting on the verdant spot,
Her dreary flight is soon forgot.

XXI.

Now spreading o'er the distant lands,
The new created throng expands ;
The distant hills and vales around,
With all prolific life abound ;
Instinctive habit soon appears,
And life a varied aspect wears :
While songs from every woodland rise,
Awaking Nature's harmonies.

XXII.

Down in the distant flowery mead,
The first domestic orders feed ;
Where Nature, in its mantle green,
In shades of ev'ry hue was seen ;
Here on the banquet, spread around
The calm and tranquil throng were found :
Life's feeble impulse they obey,
In vacant happiness to stray.

XXIII.

The forest tenants learnt to know
Why the great Parent form'd them so.
The monarch lion felt his strength—
The serpent stretch'd its awful length :
Life's varied orders stood around,
Wherever living forms were found,
To hear pronounc'd the first decree,
Whatever is—is right to be.

CANTO II.

MAN : HIS ORIGIN, ABERRATIONS, AND PROGRESS.

I.

MAN, the immortal, now we trace,
 Through ev'ry change of time and place ;
 From Eden, where he first appear'd
 Divine in aspect, till he dared
 To brave the majesty of heaven,
 And break the first commandment given.
 Hence the dire progeny of ills
 That ev'ry page of history fills.

II.

His mind, the reflex of the past,
 And centre of desires so vast,
 As if created to combine
 In one the mortal and divine ;
 Visions of future bliss await,
 The strange realities of fate :
 But still for ever hoping on,
 We chase the meteor till the light is gone.

III.

Through the dark vista of the space
That separates our present race
From man primeval, now we look,
And guided by that Sacred Book,
Behold a form at Eden's gate
Come forth—look round—then hesitate ;
His mien majestic, ev'ry grace
Of manly beauty in his face.

IV.

Beside him, with a gentle tread,
A fair, angelic form he led ;
Expell'd for ever from the home
Of peace and purity, to roam
O'er unknown regions, and to share
The duties of a life of care.
Woman, dear woman, bears her part,
And freely gives to man her heart.

V.

Now o'er the wide extended waste,
They seek a future resting place ;
From whence the family expand,
And find a home in ev'ry land :
Where first the mighty hunter's fame
Gave ancient Nineveh a name ;
And Tubal Cain, to useful arts,
His first inventive skill imparts.

VI.

Onward, the ever-swelling tide,
Soon peopled nations far and wide—
Chaldea's ancient cities rose,
And Egypt first a Pharo chose.
Ambition and the pride of power,
The offspring of an evil hour,
Soon lighted up the torch of war,
And chain'd the vanquish'd to the victor's car.

VII.

Egypt, that land of ancient days,
O'er whose proud ruins still we gaze ;
No record of that age is known,
But the strange hieroglyphic stone,
Whose mystic characters remain
The changeless record of a reign.
But who were conquered, and what empire fell,
No history remains to tell.

VIII.

Where now Assyrian ruins spread,
Beneath the savage Tartar's tread,
Temples and palaces appear'd,
And art and sciences were rear'd ;
The fertile regions of the East
Presented an o'erflowing feast ;
And there a portion of our race
Founded their future resting place.

IX.

Still onward, o'er the vast expanse,
An enterprising band advance
Through lands of beauty, strange and new,
Till the great ocean rose in view ;
Where that long coast, in silence lies,
Beneath the smiles of Eastern skies ;
And sunny isles, in beauty sleep
Among the waters of the deep.

X.

Diverging Southward, o'er unknown
Vast regions of the torrid zone ;
Where Indus and the Coral Isles
Reflect the Sun's effulgent smiles,
A portion dwelt in life serene,
Where war's dread scourge had never been ;
Till Macedonia's hero came,
The Lucifer of warlike fame.

XI.

The distant light came burning on,
But he who held the torch was gone—
Gone to his dark eternal home,
To end his glory in the tomb.
At Babylon, his restless mind
Had cross'd the intervening wild,
And India's conquest was the boast
Proclaim'd amidst the conqueror's host.

XII.

But he who conquer'd half the world,
And monarchs from their thrones had hurl'd,
Marking the triumphs of his course
With desolation from its source ;
Was call'd amidst his dread career
By Death, grim monarch, to appear
Before that high eternal throne,
Where ev'ry secret of the heart is known.

XIII.

Great Babylon, whose marble halls
The splendour of the past recalls ;
Where once Belshazzar rul'd in state,
And kings were suppliant at his gate.
The wond'rous gardens round the walls,
Refresh'd with cooling waterfalls,
Rais'd high above the distant lands,
A rich and varied scene commands.

XIV.

The banquets of the court surpass'd
Whate'er in royal halls had pass'd :
Apollo charm'd, and Venus grac'd,
The pleasures of the monarch's taste :
To softest melody, the lyre was strung,
When Myrza, fairest of the Harem sung.

THE SONG OF MYRZA.

I gather'd the sweetest of flowers,
That grew in the vale of Shinar ;
When I rov'd through the shade of her bowers,
With my love, in the soft evening hours,
No witness but yon little star.

We met in the garden of roses,
'Twas there that he told me his love ;
In sweet and endearing disclosures,
So tempting to one that reposes
Her heart that will faithfully prove.

The hour of our joy, oh ! how fleeting—
The moment for parting, how soon ;
How sweet was the smile of our greeting,
And sad was the close of our meeting,
Beneath the cold light of the moon.

Now distance a gloom has thrown round me—
I sigh to the silence of night ;
Still think of the spot where he found me,
And threw his charm'd fetters around me,
In whispers of—dearest, good night.

XV.

Thus sung the fair Chorasman maid,
Reclining in the myrtle shade ;
But soon the dark prophetic hour
Arriv'd, when neither gate nor tower
Could bar the Medean and his host,
And Babylon the Great was lost.

XVI.

And where the Persian, in his pride,
Rul'd over kingdoms far and wide—
Where Euphrates and Tigris flow
Down to their ocean bed below,
And Araby's sweet scented gales
Attracted numbers to her vales ;
There evening comes in golden skies,
And morning Suns unclouded rise.

XVII.

Land of the Patriarchal home,
The scene of promises to come—
Where Nature, with a bounteous hand,
Diffuses o'er the smiling land
Her richest fruits and odours sweet,
Wafted through ev'ry cool retreat—
Where Abraham first an altar rais'd,
And on angelic features gaz'd.

XVIII.

But time roll'd on, and other scenes
Of ancient record intervenes ;
Heroic Troy acquir'd a name,
And lost her glory in her fame ;
But on that fame, a brighter star
Than ever shone on victor's car,
Still sheds its rays, unrivall'd and sublime—
Still lives the muse of Homer through all time.

XIX.

Greece, and the heroes of her race,
In human progress claim a place—
Where art and geñius first became
The pledge of an undying fame—
Where Phidias carv'd, and Plato taught,
Temples were raised and statues wrought :
Here freedom first her standard rear'd,
And forms of social right appear'd.

XX.

Greece first the moral power unfurl'd
Against the monarchs of the world ;
Themistocles repell'd the host,
And drove the Persian from the coast.
When at Thermopylæ's dread pass,
Fell the brave chief Leonidas ;
Platæa and Salamis rais'd on high
The standard of that league of liberty.

XXI.

'Twas there that Sappho tun'd the lyre,
And Pindar, with poetic fire,
Sang the Olympic victor's fame,
And left us an undying name.
The tragic muse in Sophocles,
Æschylus, and Euripides,
Call'd into life the past, and taught
To give th' ideal majesty of thought.

XXII.

Th' assembly where the great debate
Involv'd the safety of the state,
There Aristides, mild and calm,
Gave to the war-note's sound a charm ;
And Socrates, in sage discourse,
Gave reason all its subtle force.
Assembled thousands stood to hear
The great Demosthenes appear,
Whose eloquence was hail'd with loud applause,
Till rose the cry—to arms—in freedom's cause.

XXIII.

But discord, that in ev'ry age
Has darken'd the historic page,
Spread o'er the land its fatal spell,
Veil'd her bright Sun, and freedom fell :
But though in power no longer known,
Her genius long through ages shone—
The classic teacher of the Roman youth,
To train the thought, and lead the mind to truth.

XXIV.

Rome, the red star, whose rays o'erspread
The land and sea, and captive led
The kings of ancient thrones, in chains,
To swell the conquering heroes trains.
Great Pompey, and the Cæsar's name,
Alternate fill the scroll of fame ;
Recorded for the slaughter'd host,
Ambition and perverted talent boast.

XXV.

But other names, and brighter far
Than those who shone alone in war,
Adorn'd the temple of her fame,
And gave to time the Roman name.
The Mantuan groves, and Sabine farm,
Bore witness to the classic charm
Of genius, that adorn'd each page,
And stamp'd its impress on the age.

XXVI.

The history of that mighty pow'r,
A landmark to the present hour,
Throws its broad shadow o'er the vast
Dark troubled sea of ages past ;
Sublime, though desolate her plains,
Where now the dread miasma reigns.
Time was, when beauty smiled around,
And classic groves and villas strew'd the ground.

XXVII.

Here, on the confines of the past
Old world, the muse surveys the last
Dark mystic forms of Pagan rite—
Dim shadows of retiring night.
War ceas'd, and nations look'd above,
For that long promis'd sign of love ;
Good-will and peace on earth to man,
When from on high the stream of mercy ran.

CANTO III.

THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

I.

At length the bright event drew near,
 When the Great Teacher should appear,
 To shed the rays of heavenly light,
 And chase the darkness of the night ;
 O'er the wide empire soon it spread,
 And ev'ry Pagan altar fled :
 Deceptive phantoms that combin'd
 The weak inventions of the carnal mind.

II.

The wisdom of the schools had fail'd
 To reach the heart ; and sin prevail'd,
 Uncheck'd by that divine control
 Which faith imparts within the soul.
 But where the Gospel had refin'd,
 And chang'd the impulse of the mind,
 The faded glories of the Pantheon fell,
 Before the Morning Star of Israel.

III.

But from the spirits of the past,
Came forth a form, whose visage cast
A gloom where'er its shadow fell,
Dark as the shades of Asphodel.
Dread persecution was its name,
The sword its author, and its sign the flame ;
But sooner than deny their Lord,
The saints the fiery cross preferr'd.

IV.

Spirits of martyrs now at rest
In the bright regions of the blest,
Could you behold this low abode,
Where once your patient footsteps trod,
And see the triumph of the cross,
For which you suffer'd earthly loss,
The vault of heaven would echo to your song,
And listening angels join your happy throng.

V.

Revolving ages roll'd away,
And hope beheld a brighter day ;
Till, rising from the East, a form
Came o'er the nations like a storm ;
Dark and portentous in its course,
A bold imposture was its source.
From Mecca's walls her legions spread,
By Ali and Mohammed led.

VI.

The sacred land of Judah fell
Beneath that dark and fatal spell—
Her harp unstrung, in silence lay,
And hope withdrew its parting ray—
Her dark ey'd daughters wander'd forth
O'er every region of the earth :
They who had scorn'd the Son of Heaven,
From ev'ry earthly joy were driven.

VII.

O'er the bright promise of the past,
Dark ignorance a gloom had cast ;
Science and art were now unknown,
Where once the light of knowledge shone.
The Scythian from his Northern wild,
Where Summer Suns but seldom smil'd—
The Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Italia's classic lands o'errun.

VIII.

The sacred vest had ceas'd to be
The pledge of Christian purity.
No star of Bethlehem shed its rays
Through superstition's mystic haze—
No heavenly flame could shed its light
O'er that dark age of mental night :
But still existing, bright and clear,
A spark of future light was there.

IX.

The unseen future, like the night,
 That veils creation from the sight,
 Lies all unfolded to the eye
 Of an omniscient Deity.
 But man, as rolling years advance,
 In life, gives but a hurried glance
 Through its dim vista, to the light
 That Nature gives to mental sight,
 Without the teaching that impels
 The mind to soar to where the unseen dwells.

X.

What an enigma is the heart !
 From what antipodes of faith we start !
 Hence the dire strife of rival creeds
 The blood-stain'd pages of the past exceeds ;
 Earth trembled as the rival force
 Roll'd onward in their darken'd course,
 When England's Richard, Cœur d'Lion,
 The red cross wav'd o'er Ascalon.(1)

XI.

But soon the crescent rose again,
 Spread o'er the land, and cross'd the main ;
 No longer bound by Ilium's coast,
 To Stamboul march'd the Moslem host ;
 Nor fosse, nor moat, nor tower could stand
 The onset of that daring band.
 Thus clos'd the dynasty of Constantine,
 The last of Rome's imperial line.(2)

(1) In 1190 Richard I. was the leader of the second crusade to the Holy Land, where he became celebrated for his reckless valour; but he did not succeed in wresting the holy city from the Mahometans.

(2) Constantinople was taken by Mahomet II. in 1453. John Palæologus, the last of the Greek Emperors, fell while bravely defending the ramparts. Thus terminated the Eastern Empire founded by Constantine the Great.

XII.

Queen of the Hellespont,(3) that laves
Thy marble portals with its waves,
That murmur through the midnight hour,
The knell of thy departed power ;
Rolling upon that silent strand,
Where foot of man may never land,
Save the dark, passionless, denuded race
Who feel no charm in smiling beauty's grace.

XIII.

The bright Sun smiles upon the walls ;
But what is life within those halls ?
A living death, if such there be,
Or life of useless destiny :
Where once the harp's sweet music charm'd
The list'ning ear of youth, and warm'd
Declining age with new delight,
Now lies beneath an incubus of night.

XIV.

The glory of thy name has pass'd,
Nor long thy faded pow'r can last.
The Turk, unsocial from the hour
His scimitar obtain'd the pow'r
To tread the classic lands of Greece,
And stagnate in the arts of peace ;
Strives not a social eminence to gain,
And Suns may smile upon his land in vain.

(3) The city of Constantinople.

XV.

Toward the far regions of the West
 The Moslem armies onward press'd ;
 On many a fatal field the brave
 No mercy sought, or quarter gave.
 So roll'd the fiery tempest on,
 And fields of martial glory won ;
 Earth was the prize—and every aim
 Of man was power—his faith a name.

XVI.

Beneath the Austrian monarch's walls,
 At early morn, the Moslem calls
 Ill Allah—let the Christians know,
 The Prophet's banner waves below.
 And soon upon that lofty tower
 The Muezzim shall proclaim the hour
 When every Christian dog shall fall,
 And Kara's heroes mount the wall.

XVII.

But on Calemberg's lofty height
 The royal Pole appear'd in sight ;
 And soon upon yon distant plain,
 Where rolls the Danube to the main,
 The scimitar was drawn in vain.
 The thunder of the war now spread
 The field with hecatombs of dead ;
 A broken fragment of the host
 Retreated to the Uxine coast.(4)

(4) The Turkish army of 200,000 men, under the command of the Grand Vizier, Cara Mustaphus, laid siege to Vienna from July 12th till September 12th, 1683, when John Sobieski, King of Poland, appeared on the heights of Calemberg with an army of 70,000 Poles and Germans, who came down on the Turkish forces like an avalanche, and totally routed them. An eclipse of the moon happening at the same time, added to the consternation of the Mahometans.

XVIII.

And from that day the crescent wan'd,
Nor ever more its power regain'd ;
While o'er the Christian world the light
Of knowledge burst upon the sight :
The vast ethereal vault on high
Expanded in immensity,
As worlds unknown to man before
Unveil'd their beauties from Creation's store.

XIX.

The kindred sciences became
The prestige of a nobler fame
Than feudal power or tournament,
Where rude unletter'd knights were sent
To win the prize of beauty's smile,
And pass in empty show the while
The mental faculties of man were lost,
Where naught but strength alone could boast.

XX.

How glorious, to behold the time
When progress, in its march sublime,
Like rivers that unceasingly
Roll onward to the mighty sea,
Where the unfetter'd mind, set free,
Rejoices in the new-born light,
As morning breaks upon the sight,
And every object first displays
Its beauty in the spreading rays.

XXI.

Time now in each revolving year
Rolls onward, accurate and clear ;
The vast unseen, where ocean rolls
Between the North and Southern poles,
No longer lost in darkness lies,
But o'er the pathless ocean plies
The hardy mariner, whose guide
Along the vast uncertain tide
Is that strange power that can control,
And point the magnet to the pole.

XXII.

No more we dread the subtle laws
Of Nature's mysteries, but seek the cause
That veils the cheering light of day,
Or darts the lightning on its way.
The varied color'd rays of light
Are now unfolded to the sight ;
Sever'd by analytic skill
They shine obedient to the will.

XXIII.

The elements that circle round
This earth, and form the depths profound
Of ocean waters, or the clouds on high
No longer veil'd in mystery,
Are now unfolded to the mind,
And all the subtle laws defin'd
By which the cool and limpid stream,
Expanded, forms th' all-powerful steam.

XXIV.

Onward the treasures of the land
Are driven by an unseen hand,
And sudden as the flash of light,
When darts the lightning in its flight—
The mystic symbol issues forth
To the far regions of the earth.
Time is a point with that mysterious power
That flies o'er empires in the present hour.

XXV.

To know the present, and compare the past,
And pressing onward from the last,
Unfolding ev'ry latent page,
We mark the progress of the age.
As scenes of interest rise in view,
For ever pleasing, ever new ;
O'er the wide earth, and wider seas,
The social intercourse is borne along the breeze.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MORNING : A LYRIC ODE.

BEHOLD the young morning, fresh and bright,
With outstretch'd wings of azure light,
 Scattering her rays
 On the dewy haze,
As she comes from the lofty mountain's height.

The light breeze awakes from its silent bed,
And whispers a song as it floats over head—
 The faint light is peeping,
 Where night has been sleeping,
And morning her orient mantle has spread.

The groves are unveiling their dark green heads,
And the first dewy breeze its odour sheds,
 The grey clouds are changing
 Their hues, and arranging
The shadowy form of their vapoury beds.

The clear blue expanse of the vaulted sky
Resounds with the woodland melody
 Of the feathery throng,
 In their first matin song,
And the distant response of sweet echoes reply.

The lark now ascends from his lowly bed,
Soaring up where the light as a carpet is spread :
 Ev'ry flower is unfolding
 Its beauty, while holding
The bright pearly dew that encircles its head.

Rising up in a crimson robe of light,
The glorious Sun is appearing in sight ;
 Hark—the world is awaking
 As morning is breaking,
And life's busy murmur succeeds the dull night.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

SHE comes, fair daughter of the year !
A wreath of violets binds her hair ;
The vernal graces in her train—
Her hoary sire has ceas'd to reign.

The winds are hush'd—the driving storms
Are follow'd by the milder forms
Of gentle showers and softer gales,
Of budding groves and flowery vales,

And dew-drops hanging on the thorn,
To greet the early blush of morn,
When, rising from the curtain'd night,
The Sun comes forth in robes of light.

The shooting seeds, and opening flowers,
Put forth their vegetative powers ;
And ev'ry tenant of the grove
Warbles his little tale of love.

All nature feels the quick'ning power ;
The lowly shrub, and op'ning flower,
Their varied beauties now employ,
To swell the universal joy.

Oh ! how I love, at early dawn,
To tread the dew-bespangled lawn ;
To hear the lark's first matin song,
As through the woods it pours along.

Hail, harbinger of brighter days !
Thy genial smiles and warmer rays
Dispel the legions of the North,
And call the vernal graces forth.

TO BEAUTY.

THERE'S beauty in the starry night,
And clouds of varied hue—
There's beauty in the morning light,
And pearly dew.

The mountain slope, and flowery vale,
The silent sylvan scene ;
The life-stream of the fresh'ning gale,
And woodland green.

There's beauty in the forest glade,
Where zephyrs lightly play ;
And beauty in the cooling shade,
From heat of day.

There's beauty in the mighty oak,
And smallest herb that grows :
'Twas beauty's smile that first awoke
The blushing rose.

The river, as it gently winds,
So beautiful and free ;
Forms the bright silver cord, that binds
The land and sea.

The wild sport of the ocean spray
Has beauty in the scene,
Where the gay colour'd dolphins play
In gold and green.

There's beauty in the manly form—
The majesty of grace ;
But beauty has the sweetest charm
In woman's face.

And there is beauty in the soul,
Where virtue reigns supreme ;
Training the passions that control
Life's running stream.

THE RAINBOW.

THE storm had just pass'd, and the bright sunny rays
Had dispell'd the dark gloom of the watery haze ;
Bright Sol reappear'd, cloth'd in orient light,
And the daughters of beauty walk'd forth with delight.
When behold ! in a circle of colours array'd,
Sat Iris enthron'd, Heaven's beautiful maid ;
And thus she address'd the fair daughters of earth :
I, an emblem of woman have been from my birth.
When the storm issues forth, and destruction is nigh,
Heavens token of mercy I am in the sky ;
When I smile through my tears, you may look at my form,
And believe that I've pow'r to dispel the rude storm.
So woman, whose part of the merciful plan,
As the Angel of Hope to the troubles of man,
Gives her gentle attractions, relief to impart ;
Her smile is the nectar of life to the heart—
Her throne is the soul, and her magical wand,
'Tis the charm of that beauty, ah ! who can withstand ?
And entwin'd round the heart, her affections will prove
No enjoyment on earth like the charm of her love.
The vision now faded, in distance retir'd,
But the ladies were left to be lov'd and admir'd.

THE OMNIPRESENT.

Go to the far lands of the earth, and there
Behold the impress of Almighty care :
Time ever onward rolls the past away—
His presence smiles on each returning day.

Go to the North or Southern icy poles,
Where the upheaving wave no longer rolls—
Where icy chains embrace the stormy deep,
And tempests sink to adamantine sleep.

There, even there, the same Almighty hand
Is felt below, as on the smiling land ;
The chambers of the deep His pow'r reveal,
And all its cavern'd life His presence feel.

Go to the fiery zone of Afric's plains,
Where one unceasing round of Summer reigns ;
Or where Pacific isles in beauty sleep,
Among the waters of the Southern deep.

There, through the odours that perfume the air,
Is felt the unseen impulse of His care—
Through the light fleecy clouds His Spirit moves,
And ev'ry flowery vale His goodness proves.

Through the dark hours of each returning night,
Till bright rob'd morning brings refreshing light ;
The same unvaried spring of life flows on,
From the deep fountain of th' Eternal One.

TO-MORROW.

To-DAY's the exponent of the past,
Of all diurnal scenes, the last ;
But 'ere another closing day
Shall shroud the Sun's last parting ray,
New scenes of hope, or joy, or sorrow,
Shall mark the record of to-morrow.

To-morrow ! what is it to be ?
A haven from life's troubled sea—
A day of social sunny hours,
Mix'd with a few alternate showers ?
Or will another tempest follow,
To mar the record of to-morrow ?

Mark you the man, whose faltering soul
Neglects the duties that control
His future destiny ; but falters on,
Till opportunity and power are gone,
To change the great results that follow
The revelations of to-morrow.

How brief the course of life's probation !
Youth is the day of preparation ;
Onward, still onward, we advance,
To gain the summit, where, perchance
Some few arrive, but many follow,
Who hope to gain the prize to-morrow.

KENILWORTH •

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LIGHT up the halls, prepare the banquet room,
The mighty Lord of Kenilworth is come ;
And by the sound of tramping hoofs, we hear
Attendant knights in bright array are near.

When morning breaks, the merry horn shall sound,
And wake the echoes of the woods around ;
The chase shall lead the round of our high revelry,
And smiling beauty vie with England's chivalry.

Before another setting Sun shall close,
The great Minerva shall in state repose
Within these halls, and here the royal dame
Shall give to Kenilworth historic fame.

She sun of Leicester in th' ascendant shines,
And royal favour with success combines ;
But why within his heart should there intrude
A thought of that dark deed ?—'twas very rude.

Why should the mem'ry of the guilty past,
Leave its dark stain upon his soul, and cast
Its shadow over each remember'd scene,
Where that dear form of innocence had been ?

From hence the noble Leicester shall expel
Obtrusive thoughts, that in weak minds may dwell ;
His the great life, that owns no other guide
Than that bright tempting star, ambitious pride.

Now ev'ry minion of the court is throng,
And merry gossip wakes the busy tongue ;
The mask, and song, and tuneful roundelay
Have each a troop ambitious of display.

The great procession moves in comic state
Around the court, and through the outer gate—
The busy throng, from ev'ry village round,
In gaping wonder swell the merry sound.

High seated in the pomp of regal sway
The Lord of Revels sits, and all obey ;
He forms the order of the motley throng,
The trumpets sound, and on they march along.

Converging roads pour in their living tide,
And loyal cheers arise from ev'ry side ;
All pressing onward to behold the Queen,
And join the revel rout on Warwick green.

In rude device of grotesque forms array'd,
Before the Queen, in comic masquerade,
All orders of created things appear,
The flying dragon and the grizzly bear. (5)

(5) There is a rude painting in Warwick Castle of the grotesque display before the Queen on that occasion, which, although it may be inferior as a work of art, is a graphic illustration of the scenes exhibited there.

Such sights, the wonder of both young and old,
Were long remember'd, and in story told
To cheer the dark and dreary Winter's night,
When round the fire they listen'd with delight.

Onwards to Kenilworth, the royal train
Proceed in state, and people all the plain ;
The distant towers illuminate the night,
A thousand lamps within diffuse their light.

Vast preparation, now complete, awaits
The first announcement from the outer gates ;
The warder from the watch-tower calls aloud,
" Unbar the gates, and drive away the crowd."

Behold the Queen ! she comes in royal state ;
Let no one enter through the Castle gate,
But such as on th' official roll appear,
To join the pageant, and the banquet share.

That night sat Leicester at the Queen's right hand,
And, all observant of the high command,
A favour'd circle form'd around the throne,
Of noble birth, ambitious to be known.

The banquet and the ball had pass'd, and round
The spacious courts no footstep broke the sound,
Save the poor night watch in his lonely walk,
Or sleeping menial in his dreamy talk.

But could the Lord of Kenilworth repose
In peaceful slumber, when before him rose
The sceptre of that form, whose death had been
Veil'd in the myst'ry of a tragic scene ?

Soon Kenilworth resum'd its wonted state
Of silent grandeur ; and the guests who late
Had fill'd its halls with music, love, and wine,
Were gone like stars, in other spheres to shine.

And he, the ruling spirit of the scene,
Whose mind was sated with whate'er had been ;
Departed to assume the chief command
Of war's rude pastime, in a distant land. (6)

(6) The character of the Earl of Leicester was stained with the charge of having procured the murder of his first wife, Amy Robsart, at Cumnor Hall, by the employment of infamous agents. He was still honoured with the countenance and favour of Queen Elizabeth, who visited his princely residence at Kenilworth. The preparations for her entertainments are said to have cost an immense sum, and exceeded anything of a similar nature in that age. The Earl afterwards assumed the command-in-chief of the English army in the Low Countries.

TO THE STARS.

YE lamps of heaven,
Your brightness was not given
To shine upon this world alone ;
But circling round th' eternal throne
Of Deity ; your radiant forms
The pavement of His throne adorns.

How vast the space
Yon rolling orbs embrace !
No dire collision checks their force ;
Unerring laws direct their course :
World around world, in silent praise unite
To that dread Power whose presence fills the night.

See the bright milky way
Its countless gems display ;
Hosts of angelic forms that wait around
The vast immensity of space profound :
While to our mortal sight, a stream
Or flood of heaven's own light they seem.

'Tis darkness, all
On this terrestrial ball ;
But through the vista of yon vast profound,
Bright world's are moving in their mystic round ;
And silence, Death's pale image, reigns,
Till morn's sweet light spreads o'er the distant plains.

THE FLOWERS OF THE VILLAGE.

WHEN Spring invited all the flowers
To wear their gayest dresses ;
The Sun came shining, and the showers
Bedew'd them with caresses.

The modest snowdrop, dress'd in white,
The daffodil in yellow ;
The gilliflower, to be polite,
Was quite a gay young fellow.

The daisy, on the village green,
Was plain and neatly dress'd ;
And on the greenwood side was seen
The bluebell in her best.

The violet shed its perfume sweet,
Under the hawthorn spray ;
And ev'ry wild flower smil'd to meet
The merry month of May.

The woodbine and the lilac twin'd
Around the cottage door ;
To show that Nature, ever kind,
Gives beauty to the poor.

England's bright flower, the bonny rose,
Was not so early seen ;
The warmer Suns of June compose
The bloom of Flora's Queen.

The lily, dress'd with elegance,
The fairest of the fair—
The jessamine's sweet starry glance
Of virgin white was there.

In June's bright hours of radiant heat,
The blushing rose was seen ;
When every flower came forth to greet
With smiles the Floral Queen.

ODE TO THE SUN.

MONARCH of worlds, for ever bright !
Enthron'd in never ending light ;
Revolving orbs thy subjects are,
Whose glory veils the brightest star.
 O'er the vast space
 Thy radiant face
 For ever beaming,
 Like the dreaming
Visions, that in tranquil sleep,
O'er the charm'd senses creep.

Around the circle of yon arch,
The radiant messengers of light
 Chase off the murky night ;
And ever onward, as they march,
To the sweet music of the spheres,
 Each smiling world appears
Like a fair Summer's morning,
That blushing light is just adorning.

Fountain of life's prolific stream,
First gift of all created treasures ;
How joyous is thy morning beam,
The fairest of all Nature's pleasures :
 Tipping the mountains
 And silvery fountains,
 That sparkle delighted
 Beneath the soft tread
Of thy rays, when alighted
 To spread their bright hues,
 And their odours diffuse,
As they dart through its murmuring bed.

Hail, glorious Sun ! to thee we owe
All of beauty that we know ;
From the morning's soft grey light,
To the orient bed of night :
Or above the curling spray,
Where the dancing colours play
 Upon the deep blue sea ;
 As it rolls unceasingly
Beneath thy presence, fair and bright,
Eternal source of living light.

SONNET ON LIFE.

How few and far between, the hours that man
Can treasure up, for mem'ry's busy eye
To smile upon ! our life's uncertain span
Presents but few brief hours of joy without a sigh
Of sadness for some blighted hope, some lost
Expectancy, that shed its brightness o'er
The soul ; but soon the flickering light is cross'd
By care's dark cloud, and we behold no more
The same bright vision ; still the buoyant mind
Rebounds, and soars aloft, where, unconfin'd,
Again in bright imaginings, beholds
The happy future, with that charm which holds
The soul in fond delusion, till the hour
When ev'ry earthly hope shall lose its power.

THE SONG OF OLD TIME.

HARK ! hark ! 'twas the wind
As it pass'd, said Old Time,
That was wafting the moments
To some other clime :
They never relax
In the speed of their flight ;
Ever onward they rush,
With the future in sight.

How they chase—how they chase
Those bright hours as they fly,
In the Sun's fiery chariot
That rolls through the sky ;
And at night, when his form
Appears sinking to rest,
They are still rushing on
Through the far distant West.

Who are they that await
The first glance of his eye,
And are up and awake
When Old Time passes by ?
Let the lost moments answer
From those who, too late,
Are ever repining
At fortune and fate.

Is the world as it was,
When in times that are gone,
Our rude forefathers travell'd
With time slowly on ?
In the hope of the future
We may take delight,
When the young spring of life
Keeps the future in sight.

Give to time all the care
And attention you can,
And his use will be found
In the progress of man.
Old Time is a friend,
If you treat him aright ;
But no friendship is lasting
If treated with slight.

THE FOREST.

O ! LAND of my fathers, I love your green vales,
Where the hand of industry for ever prevails—
Where the Trent and the Derwent meander along,
And the peasant enlivens his toil with a song ;
But dearer the scene that is boundless and free—
Oh ! the Forest, the Forest for me !

When the first smile of morning around us is shed,
And the Sun rises up from his orient bed,
Gilding mountain and hill with the light of his rays,
And exciting the lark to its first song of praise,
Come and rove on the wide open heath and be free
On the Forest, the Forest with me !

And at day's parting hour, when the Sun sinks to rest,
To behold his last smile in the far distant West ;
When each object around us is calm and serene,
And the wide-spread horizon now faintly is seen
Through the Forest and woodland of green :

At night's starry hour, when in silence profound,
The Moon throws her shadowy glances around—
When, countless in number, the bright starry train,
Hold their course through the trackless ethereal plain,
To behold the vast concave of silvery light ;
Oh ! come to the Forest at night !

When Spring smiling comes, in her mantle of green,
Strewing flowers where the ices of Winter had been ;
Breathing odours where late the chill wintery blast,
Cold and drear, from the snow cover'd mountain had pass'd :
All is joy in the village, the grove, and the vale—
On the Forest the health-blowing gale !

From the noontide effulgence of Summer to rove
By the pure limpid stream, in the cool shady grove,
Is the bliss of an hour ; but more lasting delight
Is to spend the whole day, from the morning's grey light,
Amid scenes ever changing,
While onward still ranging,
The light winds at play, and the heath-flowers all gay.
Then away to the Forest, away !

All hail, bounteous Autumn ! thy name has a charm,
That brings peace to the cottage and joy to the farm ;
Pomona and Ceres their treasures are bringing,
The reapers are coming, their harvest home singing ;
Then hie ! the ripe berry, the hazel, and sloe—
To the Forest a nutting we'll go !

'Ere Winter, cold Winter, dark, leafless, and bare,
Marks with sadness the last closing days of the year ;
Such is life, when the Sun of our Summer is past,
And the Winter of age closes round us at last ;
May our last parting hour be as calm and serene
As our days on the Forest have been !

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

THE waves roll'd on with a murmuring sound,
By the stern of the gallant barque ;
And the trough of the sea, as we look'd out around,
Was fring'd with a crescent of billows, that frown'd
O'er the fathomless home of the shark.

'Twas a night when the crew were all met down below,
And each had a tale to spin over ;
Some told of their deeds, when they conquer'd the foe,
And some, how they took a gay frigate in tow,
When in port they look'd out for a lover.

The boatswain listen'd in pensive mood,
He was thinking of that great day
When the recreant foe, from the ocean pursued,
Were engaged by the brave British Fleet, and subdued
At the battle of Trafalgar Bay.

'Twas there that he first saw the red signal flying,
And heard the loud thunder below—
The rush to the onset, all danger defying—
The crash of destruction, the groans of the dying,
And final defeat of the foe.

He told of his Captain, the first in the fight,
With his gallant Lieutenant beside him ;
When vict'ry declar'd for his country's right,
How he sav'd from the wreck, as it sunk out of sight,
The foe that so lately defied him.


All silent and hopeless the enemy lay,
When the boom of the last gun had sounded ;
No time can erase the result of that day,
Which gave England the empire of ocean to sway,
That the Nile and Trafalgar had founded.

'Ere the grey light of morning, the trumpet of fame
O'er the dark rolling billows was flying ;
To Albion's white cliffs the swift messenger came
With the news of the vict'ry, and Nelson's great name—
But the victor, alas ! was dying.

Excited with hope ev'ry bosom was beating,
Each home a fond welcome prepar'd ;
All joyous with smiles, that awaited the greeting,
The daughters of England's green valleys were meeting,
To hail the first crew that appear'd.

As the fleet near'd the land, and the port came in sight,
“ Man the boat ” was the Captain's command ;
On the beach stood a form, like an angel of light,
'Twas his daughter, who rush'd to his arms with delight,
As he sprang from the boat to the land.

But brief was the season of social repose,
His duty soon call'd him away ;
The pride of his country, the dread of his foes,
He soon to the rank of an Admiral rose,
The reward of his duty that day.



The faithful Lieutenant, in charge of a prize,
 Into port had triumphantly brought her ;
Where love fired his soul with a new enterprise,
Which he boldly pursued, and obtain'd as a prize,
 The hand of the Admiral's daughter.

So ended the tale of the boatswain bold,
 As the crew sat in silence around ;
When those not on duty, retir'd to the hold,
And the waves with a murmur unceasingly roll'd,
 As the night watch look'd anxiously round.

A MOMENT.

ON, on, it is come, it is gone—
That spot in the hour,
Like the scent of a flower,
Has in passing delighted us ;
Now it has slighted us
Like a lost one.

Tick, tick, did you hear it again ?
It beats like the heart,
When embracing we part ;
Like a passing illusion,
Or tempting delusion,
Try to keep, it—how vain !

Time, time, can you fetter its flight,
Encircle the past,
Make the present hour last,
Take the sting from reflection,
Efface its corection,
Or keep the last moment in sight ?

Fly, fly on, ye moments, that sever
The deeds that are done,
And the race that is run,
From the bright coming morrow,
Untarnish'd by sorrow,
That smiling will greet us, then leave us for ever.

SONG.

Do you love me, Johnny dear ?
Are you happier when I'm near ?
Then the promises you made,
Now are all repaid.

When I met you, Johnny dear,
And you took me to the fair ;
What a happy day we spent—
I knew what you meant.

Since I lov'd you, Johnny dear,
Time has wove another year ;
May the future, like the past,
Smile upon the last.

We have wander'd, Johnny dear,
When the moon was shining clear,
And the small bright stars were winking
At what I was thinking.

All you promis'd, Johnny dear,
Time has prov'd to be sincere ;
Love is sweet when it is true—
I found it so with you.
H


THE ZEPHYR.

I do dwell, I do dwell in the dark sylvan dell,
And my breath is the violet's perfume ;
I embrace ev'ry flower, and dispel the rude shower,
'Ere it robs the sweet rose of its bloom.

I am felt on my way, in the scent of the hay,
While the mower is wetting his scythe ;
I softly pass by, and just whisper a sigh,
As he whistles so merry and blithe.

In the silence of night, I speed my soft flight,
Over meadow, through woodland, and brake ;
I just dip my wings, where the violet springs,
And waft the cool breeze o'er the lake.

At the morn's rosy hour, I retire to my bower,
And inhale the dew-drops as they fall ;
I resign the bright hours, to the Sun's radiant powers,
And in silence await his recall.



A VILLAGE MAIDEN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I LOVE to think of the poor old village,
Where father and mother were born,
With its old grey church, and acres of tillage,
And parsonage house on the lawn.

There was Dobbin, the shafter, and Diamond, and Ball,
That went ev'ry morning to plough ;
And the oxen and heifers that fed in the stall,
While Molly was milking the cow.

There was Roger, the ditcher, and old Tom Gray,
Who did all the work on the farm ;
And young Sammy Brown, who came over the way,
Just to kiss me, and thought it no harm.

I should like to go back to the village once more,
Where the days of my childhood were pass'd ;
To see all the neighbours that liv'd on the moor,
And finish my days there at last.

But shall I behold it, as once it appear'd,
In fond recollection again,
When its labours and innocent pleasures I shar'd,
And had hardly learnt how to complain ?

Life has since been a chequer'd confusion of care,
With a bright sunny day now and then ;
I'll return to the village, and once again there,
I will never forsake it again.

SONG.

DEAREST, I will follow thee ;
Where thou roamest I would be ;
Over hill and over dale,
Where the violet scents the gale ;
Through the green wood's tangled brake,
Or upon the silv'ry lake,
Or wherever roves the bee—
Dearest, I would follow thee.

O'er the meadow, through the grove,
When the morning wakes my love,
I will hasten to be where
I may first behold her there :
When the wild rose on the thorn,
Greets the early blush of morn ;
May I know that I have been,
Walking with my Village Queen.

And when pleasures are denied,
I'll be nearest at thy side ;
Either follow or to lead,
I will be thy friend in need ;
Shelter and protect thy form
From the rage of every storm,
And till life itself is past,
I will love thee to the last.

THE SOLILOQUY OF AN EAGLE.

I GAZE upon the Sun, whose fiery brightness
Is life and joy to me ;
But man, earth-bound and nearly sightless,
Below, in dull obscurity,
Gazes in wonder at the giddy height
Where eagles revel in their flight
In full security.

All silent on my granite throne,
I gaze upon the scene
Where, on the pathless height alone
The Chamoi's tread is only known,
And the hunter has never been.
I float above the storms that lour
In frowning darkness, 'ere they pour
Their dreary showers below,
While all around my gazing eye,
The same unchanging bright blue sky
Is seen where'er I go.

On the grey mountain's crest I sleep,
A thousand fathoms high,
While down below, the ocean deep
Rolls on unceasingly ;
My home is in the trackless sky,
Where only the eagle has been ;
Where the storm in its fury passes by,
The feathery monarch is seen.

STANZAS ON LIFE.

ONWARD ranging, ever changing,
Life is all a varied scene ;
Smiling forms and gathering storms,
Lights and shadows intervene.

Oh ! how teasing, yet how pleasing,
Is anticipation's power ;
'Tis a pleasure, 'tis a treasure,
Cherish'd in the lonely hour.

Where the ocean, all in motion,
Heaves the mighty billows high,
And the lightning's vivid bright'ning,
Darts across the troubled sky—

Hope beguiling, throws its smiling
Future o'er the seaman's breast ;
All his sorrow ends to-morrow—
The conflict o'er, how sweet the rest.

Such the changes fate arranges,
To diversify the road,
Vale and mountain, sea and fountain,
Lead us to our last abode.

“THE LORD WENT BEFORE THEM BY DAY IN A
PILLAR OF CLOUD, TO LEAD THEM THE WAY ;
AND BY NIGHT IN A PILLAR OF FIRE, TO GIVE
THEM LIGHT” (EXODUS XIII. 21.)

THE form of his glory came down from on high,
In the pillar of cloud that illumin'd the sky ;
And the pilgrims, renew'd in their strength, travell'd on
From the land where the curse of the Lord was upon.

Their bondage was pass'd, and the promise before them ;
Behind were their foes, where the sea had pass'd o'er them ;
The Lord was their helper, His servant was there,
And the cloud was the sign that he answer'd their prayer.

The sister of Aaron, with timbril and song,
Led the daughters of Judah rejoicing along ;
The Lord he had triumph'd, and silent the host
Of chariots and horsemen, and vain was their boast.

Still onward the armies of Israel press'd,
O'er the desert to Canaan, the land of their rest ;
And the light of their path through the dark silent night,
Was the vision that cheer'd them with heaven's own light.

Surrounded by danger, and fainting with thirst,
The waters of Mara, though bitter at first,
Were sweetened by Moses, whose prayer was heard,
And their murmurs were hush'd by his faith in the Lord.

The desert expanded, all leafless and bare,
No smile of the harvest or vintage was there ;
Faint and weary, the timid now murmur'd aloud,
But the Lord was still near in the pillar of cloud.

His hand that had led them thus far on the way,
By the pillar at night, and the cloud through the day ;
When morning's first light threw its radiance around,
The manna from heaven had cover'd the ground.

And ye, like the pilgrims of old, that have fled
From the bondage of sin, under Jesus, your head ;
When your path is beclouded with darkness and fear,
May the light of His countenance ever be near.

THE RAILWAY SONG.

ONWARD, still onward, the speed of our flight,
Like the morning rays chasing the shadows of night ;
Or the loud rush of waters, as heard from afar,
When the ocean flood bursts through its frail earthly bar.

Not the mountain of granite, the pathless morass,
Or the deep river's course, where triumphant we pass,
Can arrest or divert the straight line of our course—
Mighty steam is our guide, and resistless its force.

No longer shall distance repress the desire
To renew the dear converse our friendships inspire ;
Or the brightness of hope fade away in despair—
We resolve and are certain, we wish and are there.

How boundless the landscape ! No hills intervene—
While we gaze and admire, how chang'd is the scene !
The dark form of yon mountain comes hurrying on,
And grove, village, and spire in the distance are gone.

All space is contracted—we ride on the blast—
Rushing on, rushing on, we are seen and have pass'd ;
All time is a point—by to-day's setting Sun,
O'er the breadth of a kingdom our course we may run.

Tell of triumph, of power, of the conqueror's name
Whose deeds are inscrib'd on the tablet of fame ;
Tell of all that the pages of hist'ry can boast,
With the wonders of steam all their greatness is lost.

The intercourse, speed, and the pleasure of man,
Are the objects attain'd by this wonderful plan ;
The symbol of peace, it unites all mankind
In the greatest of triumphs, the triumph of mind.

THE STEAM-SHIP.

ROLL on, ye billows of the stormy deep—
Ye winds tempestuous o'er its surges sweep ;
A giant pow'r directs our steady course,
Untiring speed and all-propelling force.

The restless ocean, or the sudden squall,
The war of elements, we brave them all ;
O'er the wide waters of the pathless main,
We ride triumphant till the port we gain.

The white spray flies aloft in silvery showers,
The gathering tempest opens all its powers ;
The wild waves break upon the rocky coast,
Where, spite of sails, the gallant crew are lost.

Striving in vain to reach the distant port,
Where changing winds but mock them in their sport ;
Albion's white cliffs may welcome them in vain,
Without the pow'r to cut the liquid main.

All honour to the genius that applied
The pow'r of steam upon the ocean tide,
Where faithless waves and fickle winds prevail,
And tiring calms succeed the tempest gale.

Where'er the waters of the ocean roll,
From Northern regions to the Southern pole,
The giant steamer braves the tempest rage—
The monarch of the sea, the glory of the age.

A THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT upon the past, and there arose
Bright forms of early reminiscence ;
But some misgivings did disclose
A feeling, like the fragrant rose,
That hides a thorn within its essence.

I thought upon the changing state
Of life, in all its phazes ;
The lowly in their low estate,
The greatness that surrounds the great,
With all its empty praises.

I thought upon the glorious treasure
That God has given to man,
A world of happiness and pleasure,
A mind expansive without measure—
Such was the Maker's plan.

I thought upon the future—ah !
Who knows what is to come ?
To-morrow like a wand'ring star,
Or comet, bursting from afar,
Ne'er tells us of its home.

I thought again, its home might be
A fragment of eternity—
Like an all-spreading pathless sea,
Without a shore, unbounded, free—
Rolling eternally.


THE SONG OF THE LASH.

STRIKE, strike, on the brave, but degraded !
I have been the man
That would rush to the van,
Be the first in the fight
For my country's right ;
But now all my laurels are faded.

All around, on the ground, to behold me !
They were drawn up in file,
Not a word or a smile ;
But I thought that a sigh
Came from one that stood by—
The old sergeant who first had enroll'd me.

Hark, hark, 'twas the lash that rebounded !
The knell of that glory,
When wounded and gory.
I still kept the field,
Saw the enemy yield,
When the last shout of victory sounded.

Drop, drop—did you hear ? it was blood.
No time can erase
Such a stain of disgrace ;
Wash dishonour away,
Or extinguish the day
When no longer a hero I stood.



Dark, dark, sets the future, in gloom !
I've been reckless and jolly,
Thought caution a folly,
As soldiers will do :
Yet the heart may be true
Until death ; but the lash is our tomb.

Down, down, from that hour, I descended !
One step in descent,
We no longer repent ;
But still downward we go,
No crime is too low,
Till at last, in the grave, all is ended.


GOD HAS MADE OF ONE FAMILY ALL THE
NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

WE'RE all one family while here,
Each claims the birthright of a brother ;
One home, one heritage we share—
Then let us try to help each other.

One Sun illumines Creation round—
One hope alike to all is given ;
Where'er the home of man is found,
Hope builds his future home in heaven.

Entomb'd are all the mighty dead,
Whose power could make the nations tremble ;
But now the poorest foot may tread,
Where underneath their ashes mingle.

Man plays his part upon the stage
Of life, but death throws off the vizard,
Unveils the future to his gaze,
And then, ah, then ! we all are wiser.



SATAN'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CORN LAWS.

I, who first lighted in the soul of man,
The spark of discord dire ; first taught
Him how to trample on his fellow-man,
And rush to glorious war ; and thus, although
I dare not brave the Omnipotent, I marr'd
The beauty of this fair creation, by
The selfish passions I engender'd in
The human heart ; fierce discord soon appear'd,
And war spread desolation, where the face
Of Nature late had beam'd with beauteous forms ;
Prolific regions into barren heaths
Soon wither'd, when ambition's scorching Sun
Appear'd ; and thus my object was achiev'd.
But peace, the fairest of the heavenly forms
Descended from th' ethereal plains, and quench'd
My hopes, dissolving every passion with
The fatal spell of Unity, leagued with
Prosperity, her fair attendant, to
Destroy the greatness of my power on earth.
Then did I summon all my subtle powers
In secret council, to devise and frame
Those with'ring laws, that like a blight curtail'd
Fair Nature of her genial gifts ; bound up
The hand of Providence, and meted out
A feeble portion by my prudent care,
So that the germ of discontent should still
Exist, to raise up in the breast of man
A future progeny of human ills !

ITALY RESTORED : THE SONG OF HER SONS.


THE sound has gone forth to the nations around us,
Oh ! waft it ye billows from Italy's shore ;
The chains of the despot no longer have bound us,
Go, tell him—yes, tell him, we serve him no more.

On dread Solferino's high altar we seal'd it,
The deed of our freedom was written in blood ;
Before that bright Sun, whose effulgence reveal'd it,
A nation restor'd and united we stood.

Land of heroes, of poets, and sages of old,
No region but felt the firm tread of our sires ;
On the scroll of her glory their deeds were enroll'd,
And a spark of the past has rekindled her fires.

'Twas said that the glory of Rome had departed,
The Sun of her freedom for ever was set ;
That the sons of Lombardy were all craven-hearted—
But how were the thunders of Austria met ?

Go, tell to the heroes of Piedmont and Gaul,
Who rushed with their legions united to help us,
In the songs of our triumph we honour them all,
The birthright of man which the victory gave us !



Italy's daughters came smiling to greet us,
With garlands of laurel the victors were crown'd ;
Rejoicing, the throng were all crowding to meet us
Returning—how sweet was the welcome we found !

All hail—thou bright future ! The morning appears
Now pregnant with hope of a glorious morrow ;
The darkness that shrouded the past disappears,
And the present repays us long ages of sorrow.

May peace throw her mantle of glory around us ;
And no lurid cloud overshadow her form ;
May the sacred protection of heaven surround us,
And Europe behold no return of the storm.

THE DESCENT OF LIBERTY IN GREECE.

THROUGH all the Grecian isles the Goddess flies,
Unveils her beauties to their wond'ring eyes ;
Shades of departed heroes, in her train,
Point to the prize for which they once were slain ;
The heavenly vision lights the isles around,
And sheds its radiance o'er the deep profound.
From shore to shore they hail the rising dawn,
Wake from their slumber, and salute the morn.
As when the mind, with painful dreams oppress'd,
In broken slumbers, through the hours of rest,
Struggles in anguish, till the light of day
Drives the dread visions of the night away.
Such is the genius that at length has fir'd
The Grecian youth, and ev'ry breast inspir'd.
A spark, preserved from ancient Sparta's days,
Has burst and kindled to a mighty blaze.
Oh ! may that arm, beneath whose sov'reign sway,
The powers of kings and empires pass away,
Crown the bold efforts of the Grecian band,
To drive the rude barbarian from the land.
That land where once the light of genius shone,
And all the learning that the world could own ;
Where Poets, Sculptors, Sages all combin'd
To charm and dignify the human mind.
Such was their glory, till the dreary night
Of savage ages had obscur'd their light ;
Fast bound in Turkish fetters long they groan'd,
Slaves in the land which once their fathers own'd.
Oh ! haste the day, when Greece again shall be
A mighty nation—learned, brave, and free.

THE TRANSIT OF ROYALTY.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, having been on a visit to Chatsworth, came through Nottingham, on the Midland Counties' Railway, to Belvoir Castle. The following Stanzas were written on the occasion.

SHE came, the Star of Brunswick came !
The halo of her light
Combin'd each high and noble name ;
The hero of the fight,
The subtle statesman, and the high-born peer—
Youth, beauty, and array of wealth were there.

High where the ruin'd Castle stands,
The signal thunder roll'd,
But not with threat of hostile bands,
Its use in days of old ;
Britannia's ensign now unfurl'd is seen,
To hail the presence of a smiling Queen.

Myriads of voices join'd the cry,
She comes ! behold the Queen
Victoria, whose high destiny,
Above whate'er hath been
Of thrones and dignity, of sceptr'd power,
From earth's foundation to the present hour.

Belvoir's high turret caught the sound,
And echo'd through the vale ;
The peal, from ev'ry village round,
Now borne along the gale,
Convey'd the welcome to their youthful Queen,
In sounds as loyal as their hearts had been.

Queen of the Isles ! whose fame is known
To earth's remotest bound,
The firm foundation of whose throne
In British hearts is found ;
Brave hearts of oak, whom dangers ne'er appal,
Whose trident circles the terrestrial ball.

Long may the mem'ry of the past
Recall the happy day,
Whose social unity has cast
A transitory ray,
Whose brightness pierc'd the mist of party strife,
And drove from ev'ry breast the cares of life.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

COME, haste to the ball,
'Tis the season when all
Who can banish old care,
Take farewell of the year
With the social enjoyments of right Christmas cheer.

Come, bring the pork pie,
And dispel the sad sigh ;
Put the buns in the ale,
And let hope spread the sail,
For the canker-worm, care, must not always prevail.

Although debts must be paid
With a very bad trade,
And commercial distress,
Like an incubus press,
Yet the hope of the future may end in success.

Our fathers of old
Were both patient and bold ;
Then come circle around—
Hark ! the merry bells sound ;
May the old English comforts of Christmas abound.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

AURORA Lee, on the mountain born,
Was fresh and fair as the early morn :
 Her bright blue eyes
 Were like Summer skies,
When the clouds away to the valleys are borne.

She came, the sylph of the mountain brow ;
In the dawn of her beauty I see her now—
 Her step like the deer
 In its lightness and fear,
With the bright joyous smile that encircled her brow.

When the mist from the mountain had pass'd away,
And the first stream of light had awaken'd the day ;
 Coming down from the hills,
 Like the pure sparkling rills,
Aurora's light step was first heard on the way.

Oh ! had you been there to have seen her pass by,
And caught the first glance of her bright laughing eye ;
 I'm afraid you would stay
 Till the close of the day,
Just to see her again—and to bid her good-bye.

CREATION.

THE morning stars together sung,
When first the world from chaos sprung ;
Motion, and form, and life were given,
When issued the command from heaven :

“ Let there be light,” and as He spoke,
The first created morning broke ;
From ev’ry hill and ev’ry dale
The sound was borne along the gale.

“ Let there be light,” and o’er the wide
Extended ocean’s heaving tide
The Sun first shed his beams of light,
And the rolling waves appear’d in sight.

“ Let there be light,” and ev’ry hue
Of colour burst upon the view ;
When first o’er Eden’s flow’ry bed
The breath of morn its fragrance shed.

“ Let there be light,” and to unfold
Creation’s greatest work, behold !
The first created man was given
A body form’d of earth, a soul from heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S INVITATION.

COME ye saints, rejoicing come,
To your Heavenly Father's home !
Some ye knew and lov'd are gone,
And the rest are marching on.

Through a world of sin and care,
To the heritage they share ;
Where, in everlasting rest,
Rise the mansions of the blest.

O'er the vast ethereal plains
Harmony for ever reigns ;
Discord never finds a seat
Where immortal spirits meet.

Come, rejoicing, that the road
Leads to His divine abode ;
Where, in never ending peace,
Pain and sorrow ever cease.

Come and meet around the throne
Of the Everlasting One ;
Where, serene and ever bright,
His glory fills the raptur'd sight.

There the family shall meet,
United round the mercy seat
Of the Father we adore,
Now, and shall for evermore.

HYMN.

FLY, ye delusive joys of earth,
My heart, no longer yours,
Pursues a prize of greater worth—
Eternal life secures.

All ye who fondly dream of bliss
In carnal pleasures here,
Fly to the rock where safety is,
And fix your portion there.

Jesus, our Intercessor, reigns
Omnipotent to save,
Through Him the humble sinner gains
A vict'ry o'er the grave.

Then why so fondly treasure up
A fleeting portion here ?
The Word declares, there is laid up
A crown of glory there.

Lord, shed the riches of thy love .
Abroad in ev'ry breast ;
Prepare us for our home above,
Thine everlasting rest.

HYMN.

How calm the rest of those who die
Prepar'd for immortality—
How peaceful is their closing scene,
Like Summer's evening, all serene.

When Nature, in its mantle dress'd
Of mingled beauties, sinks to rest,
Beneath the starry maze of light,
In calm tranquillity of night.

As the last parting Sun retires,
The soul to brighter worlds aspires ;
Freed from the mists of doubt and fear,
To live in that unchanging sphere.

As sinks the last retiring night,
Before the bright rob'd morning light—
So fade the scenes of earth away,
Before that bright eternal day.

No more returning night shall spread
Its gloom around the dying bed,
When mortal shall immortal be,
Array'd in immortality.

HYMN.

I WILL sing of thy mercies, O Lord !
With my tongue I will shew forth thy praise ;
Give me faith to believe in thy word,
And oh ! guide me to walk in thy ways.

Life eternal shall be the reward
Of all those who by faith in thy name,
Trust the promise set forth in thy word,
That endureth for ever the same.

What is man, that thy fostering care
Should all needful enjoyment supply !
Even sinners thy mercy may share,
Who through faith and repentance apply.

The whole earth is full of thy praise—
The mountains and hills are the Lord's,
Whose name, as the Ancient of Days,
The work of creation records.

Creation, how vast is the thought !
The Most High is the God over all ;
Yet he stoop'd from his glory, and sought
To redeem a lost world from the fall.

Let united hosannas ascend,
From all who have tasted the love
Of our Saviour, our God, and our Friend,
Till we praise Him in heaven above.

HYMN TO THE DEPARTED.

DEPARTED spirits of the blest,
For you alone can tell
The glories of that heavenly rest,
Where saints and angels dwell.

Far in unfathomable space
Of uncreated light,
The Deity unveils his face,
And you behold the sight.

Our poor imaginings, in vain
Would reach that bless'd abode ;
But all who die in Christ, remain
For ever with the Lord.

Pass'd through the portals of the tomb,
Heav'n bursts upon the sight ;
Regions of uncreated bloom,
And no returning night.

Eternal as the heav'ns shall be
Their final resting place :
Array'd in immortality,
Bright pledges of His grace.

HYMN.

Go forth, and preach the Word to all
Who dwell on this terrestrial ball ;
Proclaim the truth to ev'ry land—
Was our Redeemer's high command :

Who left his radiant throne above,
To manifest his Father's love ;
And shall we not that love proclaim,
And spread abroad the Saviour's name ?

Yes ! we would spread the glorious light,
That first dispell'd our mental night ;
As morning sheds her beams around,
Will thy reviving truth be found.

Lord, fill our hearts with holy zeal ;
May we thy saving power reveal
To ev'ry people, ev'ry tongue,
Till all the earth thy Church belong.

THE SIEGE.

THERE was a city, with its living stream
Of social life, as from a fountain flowing ;
All gliding onward, like a pleasing dream
Of life's gay pleasures, that to them did seem
Bright visions of realities, worth knowing.

And families at noon and evening met
In fond endearment, with their children round—
In happy ignorance that their Sun would set
So soon beneath that cloud of hostile threat,
Heard in the thunder of the war note's sound.

And soon a murmur of approaching foes
Was heard, and then in ev'ry street were groups
Of anxious citizens, from whom arose
A shout ; when passing onward to oppose
The coming foe, they heard the tramp of their own troops.

The walls now frown'd with all the dread array
Of warlike preparation ; and each night
The distant outposts guarded ev'ry way,
Till morning came, when each returning day
Brought nearer the dread onset of the fight.

The hostile force still pressing onward came,
Till, covering all the distant heights they lay,
And soon appeared a herald to proclaim
The threat'ning mandate, and conditions name,
T' avert the terrors of the coming day.

But patriots, proud of their own Father Land,
Submit to no conditions, but the right
Of joint approval to whatever hand
May claim to wield the sceptre of command,
And rule by moral pow'r, and not coercive might.

Such was the bold defiance of the threat ;
And, all prepar'd to meet the coming storm,
On ev'ry tower a double watch was set,
And those in chief command in council met,
To fix the plan of the defence in form.

All was prepar'd ; when suddenly the air
Was fill'd with warlike missiles, that like hail
Fell on the city ; but no sign of fear
Amongst the brave defenders of the walls was there,
Nor could the oft-repeated onset of the foe prevail.

Now rose a wail of grief for those who fell ;
In ev'ry family some lov'd one spoke no more—
Some dear connection, sever'd by a shell
Or fatal ball, that rung the parting knell
In the hoarse thunder of the cannon's roar.

Time, rolling onward in its dark career,
Brought famine in its train, disease, and death,
In those dark vaults where, secreted through fear,
A host of wasted forms had shelter'd there,
And one by one gave up their parting breath.

The walls, now rent and batter'd to their base,
Became a living rampart, where the brave,
Now madly rushing forward to replace
The fallen, and fill up the blood-stain'd space,
Like th' upheaving tide's returning wave.

Deeds of heroic valour mark'd the strife ;
And not by man alone was glory won,
But many a mother and devoted wife
Fought side by side, regardless of a life
That was their country's till the task was done.

But death had done its work among the foe,
And each successful sortie thinn'd their ranks ;
At length the fire became more weak and slow,
And some predicting that they soon would go,
Now rais'd to heaven anticipated thanks.

And so it was ; for, silently at night
The siege was rais'd, and all the proud array
Of war had vanish'd in their hasty flight,
Save one small distant remnant, still in sight,
To guard the weary and defend the way.

One burst of exultation rent the air
When morning broke, and no more dread of war.
How calm the distance look'd—how bright and clear
The Sun's first morning rays—how fresh and fair
The face of Nature's varied beauties are,
When not defac'd by war.

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